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The Michigan Farmer
—AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1886.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "Household" Supplement.

From and after this date the subscrip-
tion price of the MICHIGAN FARMER will be
\$1.50 per annum with "The Household,"
and \$1.25 without. When sending in
your subscription state whether you wish
"The Household" or not. If you are
sending through an agent be particular
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worth four times its price—25c per year,
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JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 52,024
bu., against 54,139 bu., the previous
week and 133,834 bu. for corresponding
week in 1885. Shipments for the week
were 65,755 bu., against 55,594 the
previous week, and 34,653 the corresponding
week in 1885. The stocks of wheat
now held in this city amount
to 2,191,617 bu., against 2,207,736 last
week and 999,947 bu. at the corresponding
date in 1885. The visible supply of this
grain on January 23 was 55,969,744 bu.,
against 57,103,386 the previous week, and
42,676,703 bu. at corresponding date in
1885. This shows a decrease from the
amount reported the previous week of
1,138,543 bu. The export clearances for
the week ending January 23
were 523,234 bu., against 209,307 the
previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 2,087,444 bu. against 9-
933,479 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1884-5.

The market was less active the past
week on both spot and futures. Values
showed but little change from day to day,
advancing until Thursday, then turning
downwards and closing on Saturday with
No. 1 white the same as on Monday, and
No. 2 red slightly higher. Sales of spot
and futures for the week were nearly two
millions of bushels; the previous week
they footed up nearly two and a half mil-
lions. Yesterday this market was dull
at the opening, prices declining, then ad-
vancing, and finally closing with No. 1
white below Saturday's figures No. 2
red selling at same figures as No. 1
white, and No. 3 red dropping 4c lower,
closing with a quiet feeling. Chicago
opened firm, fluctuating within narrow lim-
its, and closed with a decline of 1/4c as
compared with Saturday. Spot No. 2
spring closed at 80 1/2c, and May op-
tions at 85 1/2c. Toledo was steady,
with No. 2 red at 91 1/2c per bu., and
May delivery at 94c. Liverpool was
quiet, steady and unchanged. Dispatches
show the "visible supply" has declined
851,747 bu. the past week, making an
average loss of 1,000,000 per week for the
last three weeks. Prices at Minneapolis
have advanced 2c during the week.

The following table exhibits the daily
closing prices of spot wheat from Jan. 2
to Feb. 1:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Jan. 2	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
3	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
4	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
5	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
6	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
7	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
8	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
9	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
10	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
11	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
12	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
13	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
14	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
15	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
16	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
17	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
18	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
19	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
20	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
21	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
22	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
23	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
24	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
25	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
26	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
27	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
28	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
29	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
30	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
Feb. 1	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2

The above statement shows the fluctua-
tions in prices from day to day during
the month of January, and shows a gen-
eral advance in prices of only 1/4c on all
grades. The lowest point reached was on
the 13th, when No. 1 white spot sold at
87c, and No. 2 red at same figure. It
closed Saturday with No. 2 red at the
highest point reached, while No. 1 white
was 1c lower than on Thursday.

The following statement gives the
closing figures on No. 1 white futures each
day of the past week for the various dates:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2
Wednesday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2
Thursday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2
Friday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2
Saturday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2
Sunday	90 1/2	91 1/2	92 1/2	93 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various dates each day of the past week
were as follows:

	Jan.	Feb.	March	May
Tuesday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2
Wednesday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2
Thursday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2
Friday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2
Saturday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2
Sunday	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2

The demand for Michigan wheat from
Ohio and Indiana continues, and may
result in winter wheat, which is the crop
so largely deficient this season, being ad-
vanced beyond its present relative value
with spring varieties. The decline in the
"visible supply" continues. It must be
remembered in comparing it with
other years that stocks at Duluth and
Minneapolis are included in it for the first
time this year.

The week closed with foreign markets
generally favoring buyers, the demand
being light and offerings large. The Eng-
lish papers say the farmers of Great Brit-
ain have marketed less wheat since Sep-
tember 1 than in 1884. The quality of the
English wheat crop is indifferent. The
big new roller mills are shutting up hun-
dreds of the little stone mills, which were
the farmers' best customers; besides, the
new roller mills take a small proportion
of English wheat. The seller is, in con-
sequence, at a double disadvantage—the
buyers being fewer in number and their
wants not so large. The farmers' deliv-
eries have been eight per cent and the wheat
acreage 7 1/2 per cent less than last year.

German imports since August 1, 1885,
of both wheat and rye have been unprece-
dentedly small, caused by generally
average home crops and high duties and
unprosperous industries. Austro-Hun-
gary's surplus wheat crop of 1885 will
serve to supply, in part, Italy, Switzerland
and Germany with wheat and flour.

Russia, excepting rye, will not have the
reserve to give her usual spring supply
of wheat and oats. Her grain
stocks available for shipment are reported
to be small.

The English markets are dull with a very
light demand. At Liverpool market the
market was dull, with California
club at 6s. 10 1/2d. 3d. white Michigan
at 7s. 2d., red winter at 7s. 1d., and spring
at 7s. 1d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market
the past week amounted to 152,446 bu., against
50,143 bu. the previous week, and 75,308
bu. for the corresponding week in 1885.
Shipments were 86,648 bu., against 31-
437 bu. the previous week, and 66,390 bu.
for the same week last year. The visible
supply in the country on January 23
amounted to 8,555,812 bu., against 7-
076,606 bu. the previous week, and 5,411-
493 bu. at the same date last year. The
visible supply shows an increase during
the week of 1,665,143 bu. The exports for
Europe the past week were 1,187,632 bu.,
against 1,855,473 bu. the previous week,
and for the past eight weeks 9,911,853 bu.,
against 8,745,670 bu. for the correspond-
ing period in 1884-5. The stocks now held
in this city amount to 78,534 bu., against
38,572 bu. last week and 37,808 bu. at the
corresponding date in 1884. Corn is
slightly lower, but is fairly active and
steady. No. 2 is quoted at 38c, high
mixed at 38 1/2c, new high mixed at 37 1/2c,
new mixed at 37c, and new No. 2 white
at 37 1/2c. The Chicago market is quoted
steady at 36c per bu. for No. 2, 36 1/2c
for February delivery, 36c for March, and
40c for May. The Toledo market is
steady, with No. 2 spot at 35c, and May
delivery at 40c. The Liverpool market
yesterday was steady, with prices slightly
lower than a week ago. Quotations there
are 4s. 7 1/2d. per cental for old mixed, and
4s. 1 1/4d. for new do. In futures, new
mixed for February and March deliveries
is quoted at 4s. 1 1/4d.

The receipts of corn in this market
since August 1st for up to 1,255,210 bu.,
against 796,533 bu. for the same time
last year; and the shipments for the same
time were 1,348,913 bu., against 539,833 bu.
last year. These figures show that the
corn trade of Detroit is increasing rapidly,
largely aided by the building of the
Butler branch of the Wabash railroad.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market
the past week were 20,069 bu., against 23,320
bu. the previous week, and 16,870 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1885. Ship-
ments were 15,597 bu. against 19,147
bu. the previous week, and 9,432 bu.
for the same week last year. The visible
supply of this grain on January 23
was 2,751,126 bu., against 2,292,193 bu.
the previous week, and 2,281,442 bu. Janu-
ary 24, 1885. The exports for Europe
the past week were 85,494 bu. and for
the last eight weeks were 297,395 bu.,
against 152,371 bu. for the corresponding
weeks in 1884-5. The visible supply shows
an increase of 458,933 bu. during the week.
Stocks held in store here amount to 35,465
bu., against 38,322 bu. the previous week,
and 14,402 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1885. Our local market is firm
but dull, with No. 1 white at 34c, and
No. 2 mixed at 31c. In futures, No. 2
white for May delivery closed at 34c.
The Chicago market is more active and
higher, with spot No. 2 mixed at 30 1/2c,
February delivery at 29 1/2c, and May
at 31c. On Saturday there was a squeeze
in that market, and prices were run up to
36c, at which price the "bears" had to
settle. They had sold more than they
could supply, and had to suffer the con-
sequences. The Toledo market is quiet,
with spot No. 2 at 31c, and May delivery
at 34c. At New York oats are quiet and
slightly lower than a week ago. Quota-
tions there are as follows: No. 2 mixed,
37 1/2c; No. 3 do., 37c; No. 2 white,
40c; No. 3 do., 39c. Western white, 39 1/2c
at 40c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

In this market butter is in a demoralized
condition, and for all grades of dairy but-
ter except the finest it is difficult to real-
ize within a cent of what was paid a week
ago. Prices range at 14 1/2c for good to
choice, 12 1/2c for ordinary to good, and
from 10c down to nothing for the low
grades. Creamery is fairly steady, but
not active at from 24 to 28c per lb. The
receipts are largely of the poorer qual-
ities, and the market is overstocked with
them. Really good butter is not at
all plenty, but its sale is injured by the
abundance of poor stock. At Chicago
receipts are moderate and the market
fairly active at unchanged values. Quota-
tions there are as follows: Fancy

creamery, 30 1/2c; good to choice do., 26
c; fancy dairy, 18 1/2c; fresh roll, 9c
1c; packing stock, 6 1/2c. The New York
market is inclined to dullness except for
the finest qualities of fresh table butter,
which being in light supply commands
even better rates than a week ago. The
ordinary and lower grades, however, are in
large supply and correspondingly weak.
The Daily Bulletin of Saturday
says of the market:

"Strictly choice to fancy fresh flavored
table grades find fairly inquiry a little fuller
within a day or two if anything, and at
well sustained rates, with nothing in the
way of an unsold accumulation forming.
Everything else in the way of quality
from a simply fine down to grease can be
found, however, with no very clear line
of values and holders becoming more and
more anxious, as the second month of the
year is upon them without promising im-
provement in the demand. Some sales
have been made to exporters this week,
but at prices that were terribly low, com-
pared with cost, and from the present
outlook it would appear that some fate
must befall a vast amount of the remain-
ing stock."

Quotations in that market yesterday
were as follows:

Creamery, fancy,	34	25
Creamery, choice,	32	23
Creamery, prime,	30	21
Creamery, good,	28	19
Creamery, fair,	26	17
Creamery, ordinary,	24	15
Creamery, choice,	17	18
Creamery, fair,	16	17
Creamery, ordinary,	15	16
State half-drain tubs and pails, fancy,	25	26
State half-drain tubs and pails, choice,	23	24
State half-drain tubs and pails, fair,	21	22
State half-drain tubs and pails, ordinary,	19	20
State dairy, entire prime,	21	22
State dairy, entire fair,	19	20
State dairy, entire ordinary,	17	18
State dairy, entire good to fine,	15	16
State dairy, entire, good to fine,	15	16

WESTERN STOCK.

Western imitation creamery, choice,	23	24
Western imitation creamery, fair,	21	22
Western dairy, fine,	17	18
Western dairy, good,	15	16
Western dairy, fair,	13	14
Western dairy, ordinary,	11	12
Western factory, fresh, choice,	17	18
Western factory, fair to good,	15	16
Western factory, ordinary,	13	14
Rolls, fine,	13	14

The exports of butter from American
ports for the week ending Jan. 23 were
479,373 lbs., against 397,214 lbs. the pre-
vious week, and 144,120 lbs. two weeks
previous. The exports for the correspond-
ing week in 1885 were 350,352 lbs.

CHEESE.

There is no change to note in prices in
this market, and the trade remains steady
and quiet at the quotations which have
been ruled for a number of weeks past. Nor
does there appear much probability of a
change in values at present. The Chicago
market is reported firm and steady, with
values showing some improvement since our
last report. Quotations there are as
follows: Young America, 11 1/2c; flats,
two in a box, 10 1/2c; cheddars, 9 1/2c;
summer made full creams, 3 1/2c; choice
skims, 5 1/2c; hard do., 2 1/2c. At New
York there is no change in values to note,
but dealers seem to be expecting an im-
provement before long. The Daily Bulle-
tin says of the outlook:

"Slow trading appeared to be the rule
again, and so far as reported no very im-
portant general business was done, with
just a fair degree of uncertainty regarding
values. No recent transactions in either
white or colored of perfect quality have
been taken place below our figures, and the
buyers who have tried the position for
similar stock report inability to induce a
weakening on the part of holders but the
trouble is, not many buyers have been
making a trial, and business is no doubt
slower than anticipated."

Quotations in that market yesterday
were as follows:

State factory, fancy, white,	10 1/2	9 1/2
State factory, fancy, colored,	9 1/2	8 1/2
State factory, prime to choice,	9 1/2	8 1/2
State factory, good,	8 1/2	7 1/2
State factory, medium,	7 1/2	6 1/2
State factory, fair,	7 1/2	6 1/2
State factory, ordinary,	6 1/2	5 1/2
State factory, night skims,	5 1/2	4 1/2
State factory, night skims, selections,	4 1/2	3 1/2
State factory, night skims, 1/2c,	3 1/2	2 1/2
Ohio flat, fancy,	5 1/2	4 1/2
Ohio flat, prime,	4 1/2	3 1/2
Ohio flat, fair to good,	3 1/2	2 1/2
Pennsylvania skims,	2 1/2	1 1/2

The receipts of cheese in the New York
market the past week were 24,900 boxes
against 14,670 boxes the previous week
and 19,427 boxes the corresponding week
in 1885. The exports from all American
ports for the week ending January 23
foot up 2,295,957 lbs., against 1,833,329 lbs.
the previous week, and 2,748,771 lbs. two
weeks ago. The exports for the corre-
sponding week last year were 907,097 lbs.
Liverpool quotations for American
cheese yesterday were 50s. per cwt.,
the same price quoted one week ago.

WOOL.

There is less animation in the trade at
the East, the lull being occasioned by
the disposition of manufacturers to await
the close of the London sales and shape
their future course by the amount, quality
and prices of the wools selected there for
importation into this country. It is only
the duty that stands between the grower
and a decline of over 36 per cent in the
value of his clip, a decline that would in-
volve the wool-growing interests of the en-
tire country in one common and over-
whelming disaster. That we are not alone
in this opinion we quote from the N. Y.
Daily Bulletin, a strong free trade paper,
to show:

"The accumulation of domestic wools
has in most cases been kept well and
closely in hand, and owners evidently feel
they have too valuable a property to war-
rant the expenditure of any unusual ef-
fort toward realizing. The speculative
spirit, however, does not secure any im-
portant foothold; and while the confi-
dence appears to cover expectation of a
full maintenance of current values, and
possibly a moderate gain, a liberal ad-
vance in price is not claimed as among
the chances for the present, and, indeed,
would, it is feared, in the end, prove disas-
trous as opening the door for foreign
wools in still greater volume. Imported
wools have already asserted their influ-
ence, and it is known that large quanti-
ties are yet to be reached if there is any
call for them, a factor that cannot be ig-
nored, nor is there an attempt to do so by
conservative dealers."

It seems the stopping place in any fur-
ther advance in values has been reached
for the present, not because the situation
of affairs in this country will not permit
manufacturers paying more for their
wool, but because foreign wool-growers
and woolen manufacturers would find
the markets with their products as soon
as values are advanced. There is too much
coming in under existing circumstances.
We also find corroborative testimony on
this point in the U. S. Economist, under
the head of the woolen goods market:

"Delaine fleeces are in light request,
and 36c may be regarded as an extreme
price. Combing and No. 1 fleeces are firm
at 37c, and sell readily. Ohio XX fleeces

will readily command 34c to 35c for good to
choice, and XXX do at 36c and above. A
fine X Ohio will bring 38c. It will thus
be seen there is no material advance on
fine native wools. The chief cause of this
is attributable to the large stock of Australian
wools on the way to this country. A
choice, fine deep grown Australian wool
costs about 7 1/2c scoured landed here,
which is about 6c a pound above our XX
Ohio, but native fleeces would have risen
to higher rates were it not for the expect-
ed arrivals of fine staple wools from that
colony to this country."

Mr. James Lynch, the well known
New York wool merchant, and also Com-
missioner of Emigration, in his annual
report of the wool trade for 1885, states
that the total amount of wool received in
that port the past year was 101,688,385
pounds, of which 52,999,710 were of
foreign production. The arrivals in 1884
amounted to 81,557,095 pounds; in 1883,
93,681,050; and in 1882, 74,848,950. The
increase is principally from foreign ports.
The report says further:

"Growers have been discouraged by the
low prices for fine wools; in the near
States, sheep have been slaughtered in
great numbers, and the production of the
best qualities is considerably reduced. The
severity of the winter of 1884-85
caused the death of nearly 1,000,000 sheep
in Texas. The clip of 1885 was 8,000,000
pounds short of that of 1884. The outlook
for a material increase the present year
does not appear encouraging."

The U. S. Economist, free trade, com-
ments on this state of affairs as follows:
"We must say that not only the farm-
ers are discouraged but the manufactur-
ers have been badly, and no wonder.
From Schwarz's annual report, dated
London, Jan. 9th, 1886, we hear that the
exports of 1885 from England to the
United States were: domestic wool, 13-
700,000 lbs.; foreign wool, 51,000,000 lbs.;
woolen and worsted yarn and manufac-
tures, value, £2,880,000, more than \$14,
000,000. If we could add the exports from
continental Europe the figures would be
appalling."

There is no change to note in values at
Boston since our last report. The sales in
that market the past week were 2,151,983
of domestic and 736,640 lbs. of foreign,
against 2,038,100 lbs. of domestic and
139,000 lbs. of foreign the previous week,
and 3,150,853 lbs. of domestic and 62,500
lbs. of foreign for the corresponding
week last year. The total sales of wool
in Boston since Jan. 1, 1886, have been
10,419,653 lbs. against 10,655,949 lbs. for
the same time last year. This is a decrease
of 506,296 lbs. Quotations in that market
are unchanged. We note sales of Ohio
XX at 35c, No. 1 Ohio at 35 1/2c, Michi-
gan X at 35c, No. 1 Michigan at 35 1/2c,
unmerchantable Michigan at 24c and de-
laine Ohio at 36c. Of unwashed wools
sales are reported at 17 1/2c for spring
California, Eastern Oregon at 23 1/2c, and
fine Territory at 15 1/2c. All sales
of foreign wools are reported on private
terms.

The New York market is entirely un-
changed in quotations, with a quieter
feeling in the trade. The high price of
medium wools is turning the attention of
manufacturers to fine wools, and it is
generally believed that heavy goods here-
after will not be so rough faced. This
would help all fine clothing wools, es-
pecially Michigan, Ohio, New York and
Wisconsin X wools. The Economist says
on this point:

"Whether this increased demand for
fine wools will advance the price depends
largely upon the influence that the South
American clothing wools will have upon
the market. These are being offered in
such large quantities and at such very low
prices secured that any advance on the
present prices of X fleeces would be diffi-
cult to realize."

MASSACHUSETTS has a law in regard to
the sale of substitutes as butter. Recently
three grocers doing business at Fall
River were fined \$100 each, with costs,
for selling oleomargarine which was not
marked as such, thereby defrauding their
customers. That is the kind of law
we need in Michigan, one that will reach
the hotel-keeper, the grocer, the board-
ing-house and the restaurant, compelling
them to notify customers when they offer
them a substitute instead of genuine
butter. No one can attack the constitu-
tionality of a law to prevent deception
in the sale of adulterated goods. If the
fine was made large, the prosecutor to
have one-half for his trouble, the substi-
tute business would cease in this State
very suddenly. Every guest at a hotel
would have a remedy and could protect
himself from being imposed upon. The
whole business is a fraud, and the worst
fraud is the man who buys it as a "substi-
tute" and palms it off upon his cus-
tomers as a genuine article. We know
some hotel keepers in Detroit would be
apt to mend their ways if such a law was
in force.

A snore time ago the Detroit, Lansing
& Northern Railroad was in a fight with
a rival corporation in regard to a culvert
through which the latter passed under
their line near Howell. The action of J.
B. Mulliken, Superintendent of the De-
troit & Lansing, was such as to array the
citizens of Howell and the surrounding
towns against him, and to render his road
still more unpopular with all classes. Mr.
Mulliken has stirred up another fight. This
time with a private party, Mr. D. P. Clay,
of Grand Rapids. He has seized his
property and used it as a lever, driving
off Mr. Clay's men, and is cool enough to
defend his action upon the grounds of
necessity. Mr. Mulliken's head must be
badly swelled, and the neighbors here of
the Detroit & Lansing had better restrain
him or they will have the entire commu-
nity arrayed against their road, a con-
summation Mr. Mulliken appears to be
working to accomplish for some time.

Clover seed declined a little during the
week, but has firmed up again and prices
are again back to their former range.
Quotations here are \$5.80 for prime spot
and \$5.90 for March delivery; No. 2 is
selling at \$5.63 for spot. At Toledo
prime spot is selling at \$5.80 and March
delivery at \$5.90, with a quiet market.

Poetry.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.
There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
And the roses will not rot.
There's never a cup so pleasant
But we know 'twill set at night;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a helper promised
For the trials we may meet.
There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
There's never a guide to lead us
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.
There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall look some day with wonder
At the troubles we have had.
There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicked gate";
And the angels will be nearer
To the soul that is desolate.
There's never a heart so naughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the saviour cannot heal;
There's many a lowly forehead
That is bearing the hidden seal.
—Boston Transcript.

Miscellaneous.

BELINDA'S NEW YEAR.

BY KATE NEELY HILL.

The Sewing Society met at the parsonage that day, and little Mrs. Oldham, the minister's wife, was moving about from one group to another, with her baby in her arms. Busy as they were, both with needles and tongues, the ladies all stopped to admire the "parsonage baby" who was always brought in on these occasions to receive the eager homage of the feminine portion of the parish who were present.

"How he has grown!" "What a splendid boy for only four months!" "Look at him! I do really believe the little fellow is smiling at me!" These, and similar exclamations, sounded in every direction, and brought a glow of fond pride to the fair young mother's cheek.

As it subsided a little, the business-like voice of the President of the Society was heard inquiring:

"Do you know, Mrs. Oldham, what has become of that roll of check gingham aprons, orphan asylum aprons, you know that were cut at the last meeting, Miss Skureman's girl is here; she couldn't come herself, to-day, on account of her rheumatism; but she says if we'll send a couple of those aprons to her, she'll try to make them up at home."

"A couple of those little things! and there are over fifty of 'em to be made. Mother and I are going to take a dozen of them home," whispered one of the ladies to another.

"Don't say a word. It's next to a miracle to get anything out of Miss Skureman, you know."

"Hush!" warned a third speaker; "the girl will hear you."

"Well, I guess she'll agree with me if she does. She doesn't look as if she got much out of her," she said, with a glance at the small-looking creature of about thirteen, who stood in the doorway in her faded frock and shawl, watching the scene before her with timid, but curious glances.

"I think it must have been put in the lower drawer of this cabinet," said Mrs. Oldham after a little consideration. "Who'll hold my baby while I look?"

"Oh, let me, please, ma'am," begged the "girl," starting forward with a sudden, eager impulse.

She had been gazing with fascinating eyes at the beautiful little creature in its dainty, white-embroidered robe, and now, as she held out her hands to him, something in her bright, entreating look, appealed to his little Majesty, and he graciously extended his arms and permitted her to take him.

"Well! isn't that sweet of him?" exclaimed his mother. "That's quite a compliment to you, Belinda—your name is Belinda, isn't it?—isn't every stranger that he will go to."

Belinda beamed all over her thin, freckled face.

"Yes'm," she said, shyly, and then she began to coo softly to the baby, and toss him gently, and otherwise disport with him in a way that pleased him mightily, and brought forth a succession of little bird-like cooings and crows in reply.

"Isn't he just too bright and cunning for anything?" exclaimed the ladies in a chorus of admiration.

"Any teeth, yet, Mrs. Oldham?"

"Not yet, but starting, we think," replied the minister's wife, coming forward with the roll of aprons in her hand. "Oh, Miss Bonnderly!" as she squeezed past a large table where sat an elderly spinster, spectacles on nose, and shears in hand. "I hope I didn't jostle you? How nicely you are cutting out those little trousers!"

"Um—yes. But the cloth is a bad width for this size. I'm making a lot of big scraps, and that's wasteful."

"Oh, no!" laughed the minister's wife. "Just leave the pieces, please, and I'll use them to make iron-holders. I declare, I think my Jane is a perfect moth for iron-holders, and holders of all sorts. She's always scorching them out, and wanting new ones, and I really am at my wit's end for wooden pieces. I haven't been housekeeping long enough to have much for a piece bag, yet."

"Well, it's a pity the parsonage kitchen

shouldn't have holders enough!" cried one of the ladies, laughing. "The parish will have to take it in hand. I'll make you a couple for a Christmas gift, Mrs. Oldham."

"So will I," and I," and I," cried half a dozen voices, and Mrs. Oldham put up her hands in pretended dismay.

"Why, I shall be smothered under an avalanche of iron-holders, ladies! Never mind; I accept gladly; I'll be saved from Jane's importunities, at least!"

"Miss Skureman's girl" could not help hearing all this, though she was playing with the baby all the time, and a queer little thrill ran through her as she listened.

An iron-holder! The very idea of that blessed baby's sweet mother being "put to it" for such a thing as that! Why, she could make iron-holders; she had seen Miss Skureman make 'em many a time, and she had something of her right own that would make a real pretty one. A little petticoat of scarlet cloth which one of the ladies her mother used to wash for, had given her before she died, to make over for Belinda.

It was quite too small for her now, and there were several badly worn places in it; but she was sure she could get enough out of that was good; and she would rip it up, and wash and iron it that very afternoon, if she could get a chance, and make an iron holder herself for Mrs. Oldham.

She would just love to do something for her; she was so pretty and so sweet, and always spoke so kindly to the Sunday school girls whenever she met them. Hadn't she remembered her name only just now? She never would have thought she could have the courage to offer a gift to the minister's wife; but if she wanted iron-holders—

She had settled it all in her own mind, while she stood dandling and cooing to baby, and she lifted such a beaming look to the baby's mother, when she came to take him, that the thought came involuntarily to her:

"How nice it would be to have some one like that to help me take care of him."

"You've managed him very nicely—thank you," she said, with her own kind smile. "Here are the aprons, and you must tell Miss Skureman we hope that she'll feel better to-morrow. Shake a da da to the little girl, baby."

Belinda said "Yes'm," and stooped to put her lips just for a moment to the little, pink, dimpled fist, which his mother was trying to make baby wave to her. Then she hurried off, turning quite red at her own boldness, but full of happy excitement in the thought of what she was planning; the first Christmas gift she had ever made in her life, and that for no less a personage than the wife of the minister, and the mother of the minister's baby!

It was a great undertaking, and required all of Belinda's small stock of courage; but for once fortune favored her. She heard "company" in the parlor, as she came into the house; she recognized the loud, voluble tones of a Mrs. Carpenter, a person who always made long calls, and talked all the time herself.

Belinda was almost sure of an hour undisturbed; the work was all done up, and it never took more than five minutes to set out the very spare tea which were the fashion at Miss Skureman's house.

So she stole up to the small room where she slept, took out the little petticoat from her trunk, and going softly down into the kitchen, soon had it ripped up, rinsed in warm suds, and hung behind the stove to dry. Then she put on an iron to heat, and by the time it was hot the skirt was ready to be pressed.

It looked "amaisst as well as new," when it was all smoothly ironed, and Belinda made haste to cut it up into suitable pieces and lay them together so as to make a good thick holder.

By this time Mrs. Carpenter was taking her departure, and this was immediately followed by a shrill summons from above:

"You, Blindy! What on earth are you a-wastin' time for, pottering in the kitchen? When are you a-comin' to set the table for tea?"

But when the supper was eaten and cleared away, and Miss Skureman had settled herself with the evening paper, Belinda ventured to get out her bits of scarlet cloth, and, sitting well back in the shadow of the lamp, began to stitch them together. Miss Skureman was too much interested in some spicy bit of gossip she had come upon, to take notice for a while of what her little maid was doing, but the instant her hawk eyes caught the glint of the bright-colored scraps, she pounced upon her.

"What sort of trash is that you're a-foolin' your time away with, now, Blindy?" she demanded, sharply. "Baby rag! for gracious sake! Put 'em away this minute, and get a your knittin'-work. Do you want to go barefoot this winter?"

"Oh, please, Miss Skureman!" entreated Belinda, made bold by her strong desire. "I toed off that last stockin' last night, and these ain't baby rags; I know I'm too big for doll babies. It's only an iron-holder I'm makin' out o' my little red petticoat."

"An iron holder!" repeated Miss Skureman, surprised, but rather pleased than otherwise. "Well, it's a wonder you'd think of anything that had so much sense in it. It's high time you was a learnin' to sew, though; you ought to be able to help me with them pesky orphan things I have to do because everybody else does."

"My sakes alive! Anything else that I ought to do?" thought Belinda, but what she said was:

"Would you mind just showin' me that cat-teeth stitch, then, you called it, you was a doin' on your flannin' yesterday? I think I would look real pretty 'round this red, 'specially if I had some yellor silk."

"Pshaw! that's all ridlik'ous nonsense, puttin' such flummery on an iron-holder! However, as long as you've took such a notion to learn to use your needle, 'twon't do no hurt. Bring a scrap and come around here, and watch how I do, and mind, now, be smart. I ain't a-goin' to waste the whole evenin' on you."

Eager to give her little gift a touch of "decoration," Belinda bent all her powers to the acquisition of the art of "cat-teething."

In a little while she had learned to do it, as Miss Skureman said:

"Well enough for an iron-holder." And then she added, to Belinda's amazement and delight:

"I think likely there's some yellor silk 'mongst them skeins in my basket, and I s'pose you can have some of it, though it's nonsense all the same."

The next two hours were the happiest Miss Skureman's little maid had spent in the two long hard years since she had been her "victuals and clothes help." She stitched away with all her might, and when her poor little bit of work was finished, the effect was enchanting to her unsophisticated eyes.

"She can't help thinkin' it's pretty, if I do say it myself," was her very exultant thought. "I don't believe that I need to take a bit ashamed of it, when I see it put alongside the others."

There was not much of a holiday air about Miss Skureman's house on Christmas Eve, which was the next day but one. A couple of very plain mince pies, a single skinny chicken, and a pan of tough-looking doughnuts, were the extent of the preparations, and there was nothing to make the long dull afternoon different from any other.

When Belinda's work was done up, and it was still an hour before tea-time, she got her courage to the point of asking permission to go out for a little while.

"I don't see any good of it, wearin' out your shoes, and makin' yourself discontented starin' at the foolish things in the shop windows," was the answer she got.

"Oh, no, ma'am! that isn't it," protested Belinda. "I don't mind the shop windows. I know it ain't no use. I just want to go up to the parsonage a minute, to—to—"

"To what, pray? What business have you got at the parsonage?"

"Just to give the minister's wife that iron-holder I was a-makin' for her," stammered Belinda, turning very red.

"The iron-holder you've been a-makin' for her!" repeated her mistress in her shrillest voice. "Well, if that don't beat all I ever heard in my life! Do you suppose I'd 'a' been spendin' my time, and a-wastin' my sewin' silk on flummerydiddle iron-holders for other people! Of all the deceitful, ungrateful—and I just been a-buyin' a new calico frock for you, too! It would serve you right if I sent it straight back to the store, B'indy Bassett!"

Belinda stood overwhelmed by the storm that she had unwittingly brought down on her head.

"Why, I never dreamed as you would want the holder," she faltered. "There's two or three now that's never been used, in the kitchen-closet, and you said this was such a foolish-lookin' one!"

"So it is foolish-lookin', like the one that made it, and the one it was made for, for that matter. Doll-faced thing! Why can't she provide her own iron-holders? What ever did set you to go makin' of 'em for her, anyhow?"

"I—I heard her say she wanted some, the day you sent me to the Society," stammered poor Belinda.

"Well, you had no right to get my silk under false pretences," snarled Miss Skureman; "and if I didn't know you'd be sure to blab it, I wouldn't let you take it to her, one step! Get along with you, out of my sight; but mind, if you ain't back inside of an hour, you needn't come back at all! You can just go to the Sylum, where you'd 'a' had to go if I hadn't taken you in!"

A hot flush came to the child's face, but she made quick haste to avail herself of the permission lest it should be withdrawn.

Her "heart was in her mouth," how ever, as she drew near the parsonage gate, and, not venturing to go up the front steps, she made her way timidly around to the kitchen door.

It stood wide open, for it was a mild afternoon, and the range was all in a glow; and, as good luck would have it, Jane was not there, and it was Mrs. Oldham herself who was taking out the pies that sent forth such a fragrant, spicy smell.

She looked up with a smile as the little maid appeared in the doorway, and said:

"Well, what's the good word with Miss Skureman, to-day?"

"Miss Skureman didn't send me, ma'am," answered Belinda, getting red, and stammering as usual. "I come of my own accord. I wanted to bring—"

"And then she stopped, and held out her little parcel in bashful silence.

"Something for me? Why, isn't that nice of you?"—in surprise, and opening the bundle—"An iron-holder, of all things! And what a very pretty one! Why, child, how did you happen to hit upon just what I'm always wanting?"

"I heard what you was sayin' that day at the Society and I wanted to make you one. But I s'pose all the others is a deal nicer than mine."

"All the others! Why, Belinda, you're the only one that remembered that nonsense of mine! And I think it was ever so nice and kind of you, too. It's the first Christmas gift I've had, and I prize it! I shan't let Jane burn it out; I shall just keep it for any little pressing out that I may want to do myself."

Belinda's bosom swelled with such pride and delight at this, that her little scant frock felt tighter than before. All she could say was:

"Oh!" and then, a minute after.

"Might I please see the baby, only just for a minute, ma'am?"

"Why, certainly," said baby's mother, pleased in her turn. "You remember the baby, then? He's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I laid him there so I could hear him in the kitchen, for I had to send Jane out on an errand. You can go right in and look at him—I can't leave my pies—but try and not wake him, please."

Belinda stole noiselessly into the room, but as she knelt softly over the couch, King Baby opened his great blue eyes, and graciously condescended to smile upon her.

Then ensued a merry frolic, and when Mrs. Oldham, hearing the cooing, and crowing, and prattling laughter, away out in the kitchen, could not resist coming in to see them, she broke out impulsively:

"Oh, I do wish I could have you always, Belinda, to help me take care of him! He does take to you so very much. But of course I wouldn't wish to rob Miss Skureman—"

"Oh, but Miss Skureman doesn't want me, ma'am!" cried Belinda, jumping up, and her eyes getting quite big and wild with ecstasy at the bare idea. "She always says she only keeps me to save me from the Sylum, and that I ain't worth my salt, and oh, I wish you would take me, Mrs. Oldham! I don't like to live with Miss Skureman, and I would love to have this dear little baby to mind. I'd take awful good care of him, ma'am!"

"Oh, is that the way of it?" said the minister's wife, thoughtfully. "I should certainly like to have you, Belinda, but I must speak to Mr. Oldham, first, and see Miss Skureman. I couldn't do anything that wasn't fair and open, you know. But I'll see about it just as soon as Christmas is over."

Poor Belinda! She had a hard week of it. Miss Skureman was furious at the thought of losing her faithful little maid of all work, but she was too proud to say so.

"Mis' Oldham was welcome, for all her, to such an ungrateful, good-for-nothing little minx!"

She "took it out of her," however, while she "staid her year out;" but Belinda bore it bravely, comforting herself with the thought of the blissful ending so near at hand.

The first of January saw her installed in the pretty parsonage nursery; and, for the first time in her life, she felt that there might be some meaning for her, too, in the oft repeated phrase:

"Wish you a Happy New Year!"—*Ex-aminer.*

Snakes in a Tub.

A little while since I was examining some snakes in a certain collection, meanwhile gossiping with the attendant. In the collection were several fine specimens of the beautiful gold-and-black box, and also of the white and black spotted box.

I found the keeper a very intelligent man, and some little information I was able to give him led him to ask me whether I had ever seen the snakes basked. Now, I knew that it was customary to give these creatures an occasional bath, to keep them healthy and preserve the skin pliant and the colors fresh and clear; but I had never had an opportunity of witnessing the operation. Gladly, therefore, I accepted the offer. In a little time a moderately large tub, half filled with warm water, was placed upon the ground, and my attendant and another man, stripping off their coats and waistcoats, turned up their shirt-sleeves to prepare for action.

The first case contained four box snakes, varying from eight to sixteen feet long. The keeper opened a small door in the end of the case, and then, sliding back the glass panel at the top, put his arm boldly in and ran his hand down the back of the nearest reptile, which moved from beneath his touch toward the open door. As the head of the snake passed the door he seized it with his right hand firmly round the neck, and, drawing the body quickly out, caught it five feet or so lower down with his left hand, the other man taking the remainder, and closing the little door. The reptile "squirmed" a good deal, as if objecting to such handling, but was quickly deposited in the tub, the keeper retaining his hold of the head and the forepart of the body.

Ticklish work, it seemed to me, and the keeper rather assented to that opinion. "You see one is apt to get careless; but so long as you are cautious it is simple enough. I remember well the first time I tried it. I was then at M—, and the regular keeper was taken sick and died. The day for bathing the snakes came round, and no one could be found to do it. Two days went over, and then I thought I would have a try. I had been feeding them for a year or more, and was pretty well used to them. Well, we filled the tub, and I got through with the job all right, and was soon appointed head keeper of the snake-house. Time went on—I fed and basked the creatures regularly, and got a little easier over it; and so it happened that one day I did not look after my man to see that he fastened the little door properly after we had one in the bath. On this particular day, too, he forgot to bring the change of blankets with him, and I never noticed it until I had one of the smaller snakes in the bath. As soon as I did notice it I sent him post haste to the house to fetch them. The one in the bath was only about nine feet long; so when he had been in the water long enough I lifted him out, intending to put him in a spare case and wait my man's return. Just as I raised him I felt something round my right leg, and looking down, found the little door was open and that a fourteen-foot box was out, and had got a half-turn round my thigh. Of course he had to be stopped; so I let go of the body of the one I was holding, and by a fortunate shot grasped the other just below the head. The one in my left hand had coiled his body round my arm and, soothed by his bath, was quiet and comfortable, but the other was taking up all my spare time. He wriggled and twisted until I could scarce hold him, straining the coil round my thigh very tightly. He had also given a turn of his tail to my other leg, so that I could not move a step. However, there was nothing to prevent my calling out; and I did it; more especially because the door of that case was open, and there were three more inside. My man might be five minutes gone, and I had to keep it up as best I could. The worst of it was, while the beast got his 'old tighter and nearer to my body, he would shoot his head almost out of my grasp, turning and twisting without ceasing. My fingers ached and my wrist felt like breaking, while the circulation in my leg nearly stopped. Presently the feeling came over me that I did not mind much how it ended, and felt inclined to give up then and there. In fact, my fingers were relaxing, when I heard a step outside, and my man came in. A glance told him the state of affairs. He had the one off my arm and into the case in the twinkling of an eye, and then between us we got the other gentleman loose and boxed him; and then—well, there were no more snakes basked that day. We kept it very quiet, and up to my leaving M— it never oozed out; then my man was made keeper, and he let it out; you can imagine it was a lesson to both of us that will last some time."—*St. James' Gazette.*

IN THE CREVASSE.

"The glacier will not be safe to-day," said the old guide, shaking his head gravely. "There is a yellow mist over the cap of old Heiligen Alp, and that means a thaw."

"Well, and what of that?" asked the younger man whom I had chosen for my guide. "Neither one day's nor one month's thaw is going to melt the Mer de Glace."

"No," said the old man, "but a thaw sometimes splits the glacier into crevasses. I've seen the Mer de Glace as full of cracks as the bottom of a dried-up pond in summer. Many a good fellow has lost his life at the bottom of these chasms."

"It's not a crack in the ice, nor a crack in an old man's brain that is going to scare Franz Berez," said the young man, laughing. "I've been guide here, boy and man, these fifteen years, and I never heard of even a goat being lost in a crevasse."

"Well, well, have your own way," muttered the old man, "wisdom is learned by experience. Happy for you if you live to profit by it."

I was somewhat disturbed by the old guide's ominous words, but not deterred from my original purpose. I had come all the way from Geneva expressly to see the glacier, and it was not the prophesying of a doting old man that was going to interfere with my object. I had but one day to spare. The weather was beautiful. The sky was brilliantly blue, and the snow-crowned peaks of the mountains sparkled like gigantic prisms in the sun. I, for one, could not see the yellow mist to which the old man had referred, and was greatly inclined to attribute his warning, as his guide had done, to a megrim of his old brain.

Our preparations, consisting of high boots, shod with spikes, steel-tipped staves, and a wicker flask of spirits, were soon complete. We set out at ten in the forenoon, and by twelve had reached the left bank of the great ice river which we proposed to cross.

I paused a moment, awe-struck at the magnificent spectacle. Imagine a gigantic river, perhaps two miles broad, whirling between vast snow-capped hills, suddenly frozen to a slow moving torrent of ice. Vast heaps of snow lay upon it and here and there masses of rock weighing tons, detached from some gorge far up the impassable cliffs.

Very near us a narrow fissure or cleft ran diagonally across the body of the ice, the sides smooth as glass and of a deep lustrous green, descending sheer into impenetrable darkness. Such a crevasse as this, the guide said, was always to be found in the glacier and only the most ordinary care was necessary to avoid it.

We scrambled down upon the ice and began to make our way cautiously across it. Owing to various obstructions, such as heaped up snow or soft spots in the ice, our progress was very slow. After an hour of hard work we had not accomplished one half of the distance. I sat down upon a cube of rock to rest and look about me.

A change had already taken place in the weather. The sun was obscured by a dense, leaden colored mist, and the valley of the glacier itself seemed to be choked with masses of whirling vapor. My outside garments were wet, and all around us the ice sent up a cold and numbing steam.

As I sat in a far from comfortable frame, of body and mind I was startled by a far-off, dull, booming sound, the echoes of which seemed to be repeated interminably among the hills.

"What was that?" I asked the guide.

"Most likely an avalanche on the Heiligen Alp," he replied. "They are always falling there—"

He was interrupted by a repetition of the sound, much nearer to us, accompanied by a tremendous shock that seemed to shake the ice beneath us. I looked at him inquiringly, and observed that he was slightly pale.

"A crevasse," he said, answering my look with an air of unconcern that I could see was not wholly real. "When the ice parts it makes a noise like a cannon. It is nothing. However, we had better be moving. I don't like the looks of this fog."

We arose and resumed our journey, the guide directing our course by occasional glimpses of the Alps through the wreaths of fog which every moment became more dense. We had not proceeded twenty steps, however, when the guide suddenly paused and motioned me back. At that instant there came another report, so loud and sharp that I was absolutely stunned, and right in front of us a long, jagged line appeared in the ice, widening rapidly, until two sheer walls faced each other more than ten feet apart.

Though the chasm lay directly in our way, to cross it was out of the question. The guide turned quickly to the right, and we followed the brink of the crevasse, hoping to find a point where it ended or was narrow enough to spring over. The fog had now become so dense that we could not see a dozen steps before us, and we were forced to move at a snail's pace in order to avoid falling in some unexplored abyss. We had gone on in this way perhaps five minutes, when there came another report, followed by a series of weaker shocks. The guide and I paused and looked around us.

The situation had become, to say the least, embarrassing. During a momentary lift of the fog, we saw all around us a perfect network of cracks, intersecting one another at every angle. Then, as the vapor closed in again, we could hear on every side tremendous crashes and grindings, as the huge masses of ice approached or receded from each other.

What to do now was a serious question. To proceed a single yard might be to precipitate ourselves to the bottom of some frightful chasm, and to remain where we were might be merely waiting until the ice should open beneath our feet and engulf us. But we were speedily forced to a conclusion. While we stood a few feet apart anxiously discussing our position, there was another shock, and I was blinded by a shower of small particles of ice.

When I cleared my eyes I saw that another cleft had opened directly at my feet,

between myself and the guide. It was rapidly widening, and in a few seconds would completely separate me from my companion. Without hesitation I sprang across it and stood beside him. He looked at me with a grave face.

"We are in great danger," he said, simply.

"Yes," I replied, as quietly as I could, "but we must do our best to get out of it. What do you advise?"

"We must not stop here," he said, peering into the fog; "we are evidently in the very centre of these crevasses. If we could get nearer to either bank we should be safer. I think we had better follow one of these cracks until we can cross it. We shall have to feel our way, for this fog hides everything."

"Very good," I replied; "lead on and I will keep close behind you."

Crouching almost to our hands and knees we proceeded slowly onward, keeping the main crevasse, a cleft some twenty feet wide, on our left. For nearly an hour we went on in this way, and still the awful chasm yawned beside us. Indeed, it seemed to me that we had not moved at all, and that I recognized certain peculiarities in our surroundings as similar to those I had noticed at our point of departure.

While I was pondering this disquieting notion, I saw the guide stoop and pick up some object from the ice. He turned and looked at me with a white face.

"We need go no further," he said, holding up his spirit flask. "I dropped that an hour ago on the ice beside the crevasse."

"In other words," said I, "we have been traveling in a circle for the last hour."

"Yes, the crevasse is all around us," he replied, with a drooping head. "We are imprisoned upon an island of ice."

I was silent for a moment, struggling with my own dread.

"Well," said I, "we must make the best of it, and wait until the crevasse closes again."

He shook his head sorrowfully. "The mass of ice we are standing upon will be more likely to split up and we be sent to the bottom."

"The case is hopeless, then," I said.

"We can

THE FARMER'S SOLILOQUY.

To sell or not to sell—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
His anxious creditors to fret and wait indefinitely
Or take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by disposing of his scanty crop
At eighty cents a bushel—and then—
To sell! And when we've sold it, ay, there's the rub!

For how the dence can less than half a crop,
At eighty cents a bushel, pay expenses!
Why is the fertilizer man so downcast
As one who wrings his hands and wrings his neck,
That he can't get any crop out of all
The agricultural notes he holds not ten per cent
Will at maturity be honored,
Passes him sorrow, and compels the thought
That sometimes we had better bear the ill we
Have.

Then say to others that we know not of.
Per who would bear the wails and moans of duns
Complains of creditors, the farmer's parent,
The sheriff's file, and the forced sale?
Who would endure his wife's reproaches and the
Grosses.

Of fearful daughters over last year's gown,
When he himself might quiescence secure
By promptly paying his indebtedness
And sharing his profits with his better half?
Thus half a crop, at less than cost of growing,
Makes beggars of us all; and thus
The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
Even on the brow of a grain breeder; deals
In futures are restricted, margins called,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
Are given up; and thus the tenuous fumes
And innocent mirth of the exchequer members
Glides no more the corn and flour exchange.
—Baltimore American.

Tricks of an Autograph-Hunter.

When in England I served an apprenticeship to the art of autograph-hunting, which ended in my becoming a proficient. Yet I blush at times to think of the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain reported to by an otherwise unopinionated dandy as a means to an end. I suppose I have always been a hero-worshiper, for when a girl not in my teens I consumed my little allowance of pin-money in buying portraits of distinguished men and women, with which to adorn my album. Autograph letters of celebrities are now harder to obtain than they were a few years ago. It has become a mania with so many that "men of light and learning" are deluged with applications for their autographs, and a hunter must indeed be ingenious and indefatigable who can elicit a reply from those whose calligraphy is worth the having. At first I hunted exclusively for autographs, but it occurred to me that autographs alone were of very little interest or value unless affixed to a letter, and I will tell you how I enhanced the value of my collection. The two hardest nuts to crack, or, in other words, the celebrities who are icily indifferent to the importunities of autograph-mongers, are Bismarck and Tennyson. Even scraps of their handwriting are valued at \$10 apiece by bric-a-brac dealers in London. Innumerable letters sent direct to the great chancellor brought never a line in response, and I grew sad. A bright idea struck me. Why not write to his wife, who is reputed to be benevolent personified? I suited the action to the word, and by return of mail came an imposing epistle with the Berlin postmark upon it, which set my heart beating at a fearful rate and destroyed my appetite for a whole day. It contained a cabinet photograph of Bismarck, with his bold, clear signature at the foot, and a kind note from the princess, saying that she was happy to comply with my request. Oh how I gloated over that portrait. It was a speaking likeness of the man who rules Europe, and looked all the more striking from the fact that it represented him in the full glory and blaze of his military uniform, with a helmet shading the upper part of his face, and leaving the lower part with its ironed jaw clearly depicted.

Tennyson's autograph was my next desideratum. It came to me unexpectedly, but not until I had wasted much ink and paper in appealing to the laureate himself. I wrote to the late Duke of Wellington—a little man with a big heart, whose cotton gloves and invariably rode on the top of an omnibus—asking for a few words or lines in the handwriting of the hero of Waterloo. He sent me a check, yellow and musty, which had been filled in by the iron Duke, and to my unutterable joy, he inclosed a batch of letters, hoping, as he playfully put it, that they would be worth a place in my album. The batch of letters consisted of one from Tennyson, another from Queen Victoria, and one in the legible, though somewhat boyish handwriting of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. There were others from smaller fry, but this trio did indeed earn a place in my album, and, as I am a conservative, they occupy a very prominent position.

Lord Beaconsfield was another un-get-at-able individual. His autograph would respond to your first application, saying that his lordship never gave autographs to anybody. It was unnecessary to impress upon Beaconsfield that his was the only autograph necessary to make your collection of modern celebrities complete. You might wait long and anxiously for a rejoinder, but you wouldn't get it. Then, perhaps, you would write, expressing regret for having trespassed so much on his valuable time, and if you were rash, you would send 25 or 50 cents on an elegant photograph, and urge him to affix his signature thereto and return it. He would do neither, and further portents you might send him would be gone from your gaze forever.

But I got my autograph, nevertheless. My brother came across an impecunious man who had in his heyday spent some months of his existence in writing a laudatory poem on the royal family, and who had ventured to submit the proof sheets to Beaconsfield. "I finished the proofs this evening and have read them with transcendent interest," wrote Beaconsfield in reply. A small sum purchased this letter for me, and I was made the happy possessor of Beaconsfield's autograph.

Charles Darwin is a dear old man. He will send his autograph to anybody, but he has this peculiarity, that he always returns your own communication with his signature cramped into a corner.

Charles Darwin would rarely respond to an application for his autograph, but when I wrote, asking for an elucidation of what to me was a complex portion of his "Origin of Species," he was prompt.

In replying. His calligraphy was wretched, and I felt like asking him to explain his explanation. An initial letter, a dash of the pen and a final letter were made to represent a word. His reply could only be understood by guesswork and the aid of a powerful telescope. To Prof. Tyndall and Prof. Huxley I wrote, asking their opinion with regard to a theory which had been put forth by a scientist named Harrington—that the sun was not the source of heat or light to the solar system. Huxley, I verily believe, esteemed me a lunatic, but, although his reply was curt, it gave me his autograph. Tyndall wrote at some length, saying that he had heard of Mr. Harrington's theory, but Mr. Harrington's ideas were not his, and he would advise me to pause before making them my own.

Probably no man is so much importuned as Mr. Gladstone, and, unlike Beaconsfield, he will, when out of office, send a personal answer to almost every communication he receives, and if by chance a request for his autograph should be unsuccessful, one has only to mention some current political topic to open the floodgates of his eloquence and draw from him a torrent of closely-written sentences.

Cardinal Newman is ever responsive, but in nine cases out of ten you don't actually get his hand writing, although you think you do. The great theologian has had lithographed a few lines which serve as an answer to most of the commonplace communications he receives—a sort of literary panacea for the ailments of autograph hunters. It runs thus: "Excuse me. I am an old man and my hand is feeble."

I was a long time getting a letter from Mr. Ruskin, but it came at last. I asked his opinion as to what were the best theological works for a young member of the Church of England to improve her mind with. His reply was this:

"I have no time to write you at any length and I take no interest in young ladies who study theology."—New York Sun.

Whereas, it Being the New Year.

Resolved, That I will pay as I go—on the railroad.

That I will honestly and closely scan my neighbor's faults, and help him to correct them.

That I will not spend so much money on clothes for my wife.

That I will quit smoking in places where it is positively forbidden.

That I will not write any reminiscences of the war.

That I will make shorter prayers and longer subscriptions.

That I will not say, "I beg your pardon" to my neighbor's wife, and "Huh!" to my own.

That I will not play lawn tennis for at least three months.

That I will not bite off more than I can chew.

That I will not worry and fret about what would become of the other eight or nine billions of people in the world, if I should die.

That I will not sleep over.

That I will study my lessons and keep my face clean.

That if I fail in any of these resolutions it will be somebody else's fault.

That I can get along well enough with everybody but myself.

That I will be most wretchedly sorry for a thousand things by next December.

That they shall not be the same things I was sorry for last December.

That I have money to bet they will be.

—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

VARIETIES.

CONSIDERED SHE WASN'T TIRED.—"Talking about this real quieting business," said a small man, who was found to emanate from a small man on the lower step of the front platform, "I played a good one on one of those nice, amiable women who think they own the earth as soon as they come inside a street car. He! he! I was sitting one evening last week wedged in between a big man and a fair child of a woman, when a lady came in, who, I reckoned, weighed about 230. She seemed to feel real bad because someone didn't get up and make room for her to be seated. Then I thought I'd have some fun. I wriggled out of my seat and a half space and says:

"Have a seat, madam!"

"She smiled a thankful sort of smile, and turned around to sit down. You see, I ain't a heavy-weight, and only about two inches of space was visible on the seat. She looked at it sort of astonished, and then kind of sized herself up.

"(I don't sit there!" says she.

"Yes'm," I says.

"Well," says she, "I guess I ain't very tired."

Then everybody snickered good and hard, and two or three fellows went out on the front platform to smoke. That gave her room enough to sit down.

He walked into the office the other morning, looking pretty much like a man dissatisfied with the general results.

"Can I see the doctor?" he inquired.

"Good morning, sir," he began gruffly.

"Morning!" grunted the doctor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"What is it?"

"Well, I sent a notice around here that my friend Smith had just been married, and your internal compositor got it, 'Mr. Smith has just been married.'"

"Ugh, you call that a misprint, do you?"

"Well, I don't, and I have rated that compositor a scoundrel."

"If you don't like it send Smith around to me ten years from now, and if he wants it corrected I'll have it done."

The visitor departed to see Smith.

NOT AN ELEPHANT.—An old Scotchman, when taking his bath to be baptized, usually spoke of them as laddies or lassies, as the case might be. At last his wife said he must not say it was a laddie or lassie, but an infant.

So the next time that Sandy had occasion to go to the clergyman, the latter said to him:

"Well, Sandie, is a laddie?"

"It's a lassie," was the answer.

"Then it's a lassie?"

"It's a lassie," said Sandy.

"Well, mon, what is it, then?" asked the astonished preacher.

"I donna remember your well," said the parent, "but I think the wife said it was an infant."

The clergyman finally found out that it was not an elephant, but an infant, he was expected to baptize.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.—"How much are those sealskin saucers?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that all? Haven't you anything finer. I want to make a present to a young lady."

"Nothing."

"All right, I'll take one."

After marriage.

"How much is that a yard?"

"Three dollars."

"Nothing cheaper?"

"Yes. Here is some for seventy-five cents."

"Well, I only want it for my wife. You may give me five yards of that seventy-five cent cloth."

A ROMANCE OF COURTSHIP IN GEORGIA.—

In a Sunday night about two hours after benediction had been said. They had forgotten about the "pearly gales" and had talked elaborately of all noted females, from Mary Anderson to Maud S. Presently a young man hitched his chair up to hers, and, nervously fingering the fringe of her shawl, said:

"I am about to ask you a very important question. 'Are you prepared for it?'"

"I am," she said, fixing her mouth.

"Will you," here his voice grew husky, and he stopped and drew a breath as long as a rake's handle.

"Will I do what?" said the young lady anxiously. "Go on with your question."

"Will you go to the circus with me?" Tab-leau.

MRS. FIZZLETOP has been making an earnest effort to have her son Johnny taught to play on the piano. A few days ago Mrs. Fizzletop called up stairs:

"Will you ain't you practicing your piece, Johnny?"

"I am."

"You are not. You haven't touched the piano in the last half hour."

"I've been practicing all the same. There are pauses in this march, and I am practicing them over, and over until I know them perfectly."—Texas Siftings.

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(Continued from first page)

no pleasure in looking at a mean one, even though it be a pure Dutchess. The breeder whose cattle possess the individual merit for first class beef or dairy purposes, as the case may be, feels that they represent some value, while the breeder whose cattle possess more pedigree than anything else, feels that their value is just as imaginary as they are. Pedigree is the assurance that we have that the animal has the value it seems to possess, whether it is of desirable breeding if we know the reputation of its ancestors. Every breeder has noticed that the produce of certain cows in bluish is far superior to the produce from others equally good, the sire being the same, and that by changing sires the cases often reversed. The blood of some seems to blend or nick well together and others do not, however excellent the animals may be to the eye. This is what gives value to pedigree, for when a breeder finds that certain blood nicks well in his herd, by an examination of the pedigree he is able to get the breeding wanted. I do not wish to be understood however as advocating that this alone would be conclusive evidence that you would be getting the most desirable animal; for I would not accept an animal with a good pedigree, unless it was a superior individual, any more than I would accept a superior individual with a pedigree through which you could throw your hat. They go hand in hand, one being just as important as the other. Both are indispensable, for if we look to individual merit alone we might be breeding from a grade, and if we look to pedigree alone, we would often be breeding from a mean animal, as I heard a Kentucky breeder say, "Beauty is to an idiot as pedigree is to a poor Short-horn."

We are told that in-breeding, or the breeding of animals closely related, is resorted to for the purpose of fixing and perpetuating a type of an animal which the breeder thinks perfect. In case of a very high state of perfection this system of breeding is all right so long as the cattle retain sufficient size and constitution, but it should never be attempted under any other circumstances, for if the animals were faulty we would be fixing and perpetuating the bad points as well as the good. To hear some old breeders talk one would be led to think that in-breeding would improve most anything. Does any one suppose that the produce from two animals of nearly the same merit individually and whose ancestors were about the same would be of any improvement, however strongly inbred? Of course there would be occasionally an animal that would be superior to either sire or dam, and there would be just as often one that would be inferior to either sire or dam, but the majority would be just about the same, and if we followed this course, selecting sires that were just about an average, we would never improve our average. This being true does it not follow that to improve we must be just as careful to select a sire superior to the last one used as to select a sire inferior to the last one used? Positive in-breeding of breeding in case of inferior animals can never reverse the rule that "like begets like." The produce of inferior animals may resemble some excellent recent ancestor, but the chances are sadly against it. There can be no question but that animals whose ancestors possessed the same line of breeding, the same type and characteristics, will reproduce themselves often if bred to stock not so strongly bred, than animals differently bred.

Select then animals that are well bred, line bred if you please, animals that not only possess the individual excellence, quality and adaptation desired, but also in herit the same from a long line of ancestors, the longer the better; for experience affords occasional evidence that the offspring may resemble some recent ancestors; the immediate ones, however, are of greater importance, and as we go back each generation becomes less and less important.

Select whatever style of breeding you like, Booth, Bates, or Cruickshank, but stick to whatever you select, and breed them straight. Let every sire be stronger bred in the same line, and a better individual than the last one used, and success is sure to follow.

If the time ever comes when breeders will look more to the useful qualities in cattle—the purpose for which they are raised—and not so much attention be paid to fancy points which have no real value, such as color, shape of horn, and might say fancy breeding, unattended with individual merit, not but that we all have our own preferences in these things, but we are too apt to be carried away with these fancy points at the expense of the useful qualities, then will one great step be taken toward improvement in Short-horns.

Let the true object in breeding be to develop and establish in the herd the highest perfection of the useful qualities. Let us strive to hold fine stock breeding to its present high position among the occupations of the world.

Collings, Bates, Booth, and many other intelligent men who have brought our cattle to the present high standard, were there an object in such a life, something beyond the cow-boy life of the plains; something beyond the mere shoveling the feed into the mangers; something that gives employment to the mind; something to inspire the energies and gratify the ambition of man.

The oldest and one of the most celebrated Short-horn herds in America, R. G. Dun of Mechanicsville, O., owner, will be sold at Columbus, O. on April 14th and 15th.

The revenue collector of the Grand Rapids district has decided that a man may not buy a down loose calf, and keep them in a box which has previously held calves, on which the stamp has been erased, without making himself liable for violation of revenue law.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and Cattle," "The Dog and Cat," "The Sheep, Swine, and Poultry," "Horse Training Manual," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Particulars of subscription will be sent upon request. In order that correct information may be given, send your own interest by making careful examination of your animal, and send a description of the case, giving the name of the animal, its age, sex, and color, and the name of the owner. Send the name and address of the owner, so that the correct information may be given. Send the name and address of the owner, so that the correct information may be given.

Foot Rot in Sheep.

Dexter, Jan. 20.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

My sheep have got foot rot; what will I do for them? I have trimmed their feet and used blue vitriol between the toes, applied with a feather.

Answer—Foot rot in sheep is known to stock breeders as a highly contagious disease, communicated from one animal to another when coming in contact with the poisonous discharge left upon the grass or in the yard where the diseased sheep have been running. Our readers should fully understand the nature of foot rot in contrast to another disease often mistaken for the contagious form, and known as foul in the foot. This form is comparatively trivial in its nature, brought on by wet, filthy yards, or originating on moist, marshy grounds. It is simply an irritation of the integument in the cleft of the foot, resembling in some respects hoof ail, causing painfulness. There is, however, no serious structural disorganization of the surrounding tissues, and it frequently disappears without treatment. It occurs more frequently in the spring and fall of the year, and is not contagious. Hoof ail or foot rot, on the contrary, occurs more frequently in hot weather, and is highly contagious in its character. The first symptom of the contagious form is in a lameness of one or both front feet. On daily examination of the feet of a flock troubled with this disease, it will be seen that the lesions manifest themselves for several days in advance of lameness. The first noticeable symptom is a slight erosion, accompanied with inflammation, heat and tenderness in the cleft of the hoof, immediately above the heels. The skin assumes a macerated appearance, and is kept moist by the presence of a sanious discharge from the ulcerated surface. As the inflammation extends the friction of the parts causes pain, and the sheep limps. At this stage the foot externally, as a rule, exhibits no trace of the disease, with the exception of a slight redness, and occasionally the appearance of a small sore at the upper edge of the cleft, when viewed from behind. The ulceration rapidly extends, a purulent, fetid matter is discharged, the ulcers forming sinuses or pipes, penetrating deep into the fleshy sole. The bottom of the hoof is gradually eaten away by the acid matter, the outer walls separate from the flesh, and the entire foot is a mass of black, putrid ulceration.

Treatment—Cut away the loose fragments of horn, wash the feet clean with Castile soap and water, then set the feet in the following solution, as hot as the animal can stand it: Sulphate of copper, pulv., alum, pulv., of each two ounces; willow charcoal, pulv., one ounce; mix all together, and put in one gallon of hot water. Or take one part of Evince Liniment and two parts of water; mix together. A stone crock is the best to steep the feet in. They should be kept in the solution for one or two minutes, that the solution may find its way to the bottom of the sinuses. Sopping with a sponge will not do. Two or three applications to each sheep, properly performed, are usually sufficient to effect a cure, if the disease is not too far advanced to make the cure complete.

Paralysis in Pigs.

DIMONDAL, Jan. 21.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

What is the trouble with my pigs? They have no use of their hind legs. They sit up to eat. Have been feeding corn. One taken sick about three weeks ago and the second one is sick now, while another one is coming down. Have four in the pen; they are of the Suffolk breed; about five months old, from the first one I found some worms in its come away. I saw a remedy in the FARMER a short time ago; I can't find the paper now; have been giving some nux vomica.

Answer—The trouble with your pigs is paralysis of the hind quarters; give the following: Sulphate of magnesia, one ounce; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., half an ounce; mix and divide into four powders; give one in the feed night and morning to each pig; then give nux vomica, pulv., two drachms; linseed meal, half an ounce; mix and divide into twenty powders; give one in the feed for each pig night and morning.

Ticks in Sheep.

PARMA, Mich., Jan. 28.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

As a subscriber of your paper I would like to ask what will destroy sheep ticks? I noticed that my sheep were pulling their wool somewhat, I examined them and found a good many ticks. Please answer in your paper and oblige.

Answer—Ticks are very annoying to sheep during the winter months. The course usually practiced to rid sheep of these pests is: After shearing the heat and cold, the rubbing and biting of the sheep soon drive off the tick and it takes refuge in the long wool of the lamb. Wait a fortnight after shearing, to allow all to make this transfer of residence. Then boil refuse tobacco leaves until the decoction is strong enough to kill ticks beyond a peradventure. Five

or six pounds of cheap plug tobacco, or an equivalent in stems, etc., may be made to answer for 100 pounds—Randall. Waiting for sheep-shearing time and the transferring of the ticks to the lambs does not seem to us either humane or good policy. We would save the lambs if possible, preferring the more tedious process of applying with a piece of sponge a solution composed of alcohol, one quart; creosote, one ounce; mixed well together, and apply to such parts of the body where the ticks may be found.

Ringbone and Thick Wind.

BURTON HARBOR, Jan. 28.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a horse with a ringbone on each hind foot. One is of long standing, how long I do not exactly know, but it must be three years old; the age of the horse is the worst other ringbone is over a year old. They have both been treated to some extent with blister, but not cured. The horse came into my possession nearly a year ago and the party I bought him of said he had ringbone, but they were not in his hands. He limps in the right foot only, as I can see, but I think if he were cured he would favor the other one. They are both scarce and being blistered before I bought him. In your issue of Jan. 13 I saw the description of a ringbone and an answering prescription which I would use, but did not know whether it would fit. He has not worked well since, and I mean for me. I thought it might need something stronger, as the right ringbone or ringbone, as it is called, is lame and the horse in walking carries his hind legs wide apart. This, I think, has been the result of hard pulling and has nothing to do with the ringbone. The horse has not worked well since, and I mean for me. I thought it might need something stronger, as the right ringbone or ringbone, as it is called, is lame and the horse in walking carries his hind legs wide apart. This, I think, has been the result of hard pulling and has nothing to do with the ringbone. The horse has not worked well since, and I mean for me. I thought it might need something stronger, as the right ringbone or ringbone, as it is called, is lame and the horse in walking carries his hind legs wide apart. This, I think, has been the result of hard pulling and has nothing to do with the ringbone. The horse has not worked well since, and I mean for me. I thought it might need something stronger, as the right ringbone or ringbone, as it is called, is lame and the horse in walking carries his hind legs wide apart. 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